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NUMBER THREE

THE VICTORIANA

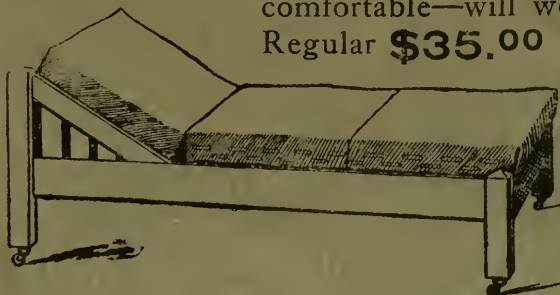
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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary
Society of Victoria University, Toronto.



“For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord”

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1913

NO. 3



A Child's Song of Christmas

BY MISS MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

MY counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk.
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Above the roof the pigeons fly,
In silver wheels across the sky.
The stable-doves they cooed to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Bright shines the sun across the drifts,
And bright upon my Christmas gifts.
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,
Our little Lord who lived of old.

O, soft and clear our mother sings
Of Christmas joys and Christmas things.
God's holy angels sang to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near.
O, heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little Child of long ago.

The Coming Peace Centenary

PROFESSOR L. E. HORNING.

Does it not seem curious, to say the least, that a proposal to celebrate the anniversary of the hundred years of peace between the Motherland and the great daughter-nation should create little interest? But such is the case, probably because we are unused to such strange celebrations. And we are leaving the work, so far, mostly to committees appointed by the governments and somewhat curiously constituted.

The War of 1812-14 was an offshoot of the great Napoleonic struggle caused by some foolish demands by the British Government and eagerly entered into by a small war-party in the United States. Not many men or ships could be spared by Great Britain and the war-party in the United States was not backed up by New England, so that operations on both sides were slow and ineffective. Not much glory can be extracted by either country from the whole conflict. Nothing was settled by the war, and diplomacy had to settle the questions afterwards.

Canadians alone have a right to cherish memories of those two years, because we were fighting in defence of Home and Country, which all acknowledge to be a sacred duty.

Several times since the Treaty of Ghent has occasion arisen, when relations were strained and war might have resulted, but for the sanity and patience and "will to peace" on the part of the statesmen of the two countries. Such are, for instance, the marine dispute, the Oregon boundary question, the Mason-Liddell affair, and some five or six others. The Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817, regarding the presence of warships on the Great Lakes, was one of the wisest precautions taken in the early days of peace and shaped the conduct of diplomacy in after days.

To-day we all rejoice in the fact that peace is well established in the hearts and minds of all citizens of Canada and the United States, as well as in Great Britain itself, and that it does not enter into the serious thoughts of any one, even of the Minister of Militia, that there is danger of a war taking place between the two countries most deeply concerned.



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Much is made of the fact that there are thousands of miles of territory running side by side with but a parallel of latitude between them. It is very natural that no trouble has as yet arisen, because up to some fifteen years ago not even Canadians, as a whole, suspected the great wealth they possessed in the North-West expanse. But we are very confident that no trouble will arise in the future because of the "will to peace" which everywhere exists.

Furthermore, the citizens of Canada and of the United States all recognize, and the recognition is increasing in force every year, that there are other problems, those of race, of immigration, of capital and labor, of education, of taxation, of health, and many others, which are demanding our immediate attention, and that for their true solution years and years of studious application, of undivided attention and of uninterrupted peace are absolutely necessary.

It is, therefore, very fitting that every citizen of these two great countries should set apart some time for the study of past relations and of future possibilities that this "will to peace" may be fittingly commemorated, not only because it has been active for the passing century of years, but that it may continue to last for many centuries to come. It is also fitting that monuments should be erected to commemorate the bravery of the fallen soldiers, although every one must now regret that such deaths seemed necessary at the time. When such monuments are dedicated there should be no military displays. It is of far greater importance that every effort be put forth to call attention to the future rather than to the past, to the hopes and desires of the nations and to their determination to avoid all such conflicts in the future. To this end the institution of scholarships and fellowships for the encouragement of students of national and international polity should be encouraged, and travelling lectureships and scholarships, to enable the citizens of the interested countries to get better acquainted. Throughout all these celebrations should be the constant aim to promote acquaintance and good fellowship. And the churches should lead and devote time to the celebration, preaching and teaching their one great message, "Peace and Good-Will."



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The Fall of an Ultraintellectualist

A. P. McKENZIE, B.A.

I have always lived a calm and well-balanced life. Of course, there have been passages in my younger days when crass feeling has arisen like some vulgar Nemesis of forgotten deeds and led me into momentary enthusiasms; but, until to-night I thought those days had gone forever. At the moment when this recital begins I was feeling decidedly hot. I presume that I love Kate, else I should not have asked her to marry me, but why in thunder should she expect me to show any maudlin feeling towards her—Ah, there goes my carefully cultivated philosophical calm again! I have argued the matter out to a nicety with her. Marriage, ideally considered, is nothing more than a casual connection entered into for the purpose of mutual intellectual growth. To what heights could not the finely-wrought rational faculty of an educated man coupled with the more subtle but nebulous intuitions of a poetical woman bring the participants in such a connection? To settle down and raise a family!—the idea is obnoxious to me! I cannot conceive how she can possibly desire sensuous love in any form, which might involve vulgar osculatory banalities—Bah! I do not for a moment deny that there are such things, but they are of the lower sphere beneath, and do nothing but impede the clearer vision.

And here I have just spent the whole of a short winter afternoon in her parlor demonstrating the thing to a climax, and she answers my incontrovertible Q.e.d. by changing the subject and asking me if I would not like to come with her to a Christmas gathering after dinner—some of her friends—simple, unaffected people that I would really like! Now, if there is anything detestable to an intellectual man it must assuredly be one of these gatherings where cheap sentiment goes sloshing about—smoky candles—sticky candy—hysterical mistletoe. I abhor the whole thing. My mind refuses to abstract itself in the midst of such things. I told Kate so, definitely and finally, as I stood in the hallway about to take leave of her. But as I ceremoniously raised her fingers to my lips—an absolutely irrational thing I admit, and only a con-

cession to custom—she turned suddenly away from me to the staircase, barely stopping on the third step to say a very uncertain good-night. I stood surprised for a moment and then bowed to the empty staircase and left the house.

But I am not wrong. Family life and the bringing up of children must always be secondary. To make them primary and permanent always spells intellectual atrophy for at least one party to the compact, thus preventing the higher unity of the thought life. Then there is the inevitable bathos running all through—. I am not wrong. I am right, and yet there is Kate, confound it, and I can't forget the catch in her voice. I actually feel as though I had been perverse or hard-hearted, but then again my intellect. . . .

"Lovely clear night isn't it, sir. Yes, sir, finest Christmas eve I've seen for a good many years."

I turned. On the seat beside me in the crowded, badly-lighted, badly-heated street car sat a little man with a lap full of parcels, an ungainly muffler about his neck, and an air of super-abundant geniality—the family man par excellence.

I looked at him curiously. Unabashed he brought his easy volubility to the rescue of the awkward little pause.

"Great weather for the kiddies. Mine'll be waiting for me. Have to work downtown even on holidays, but I told them I'd get back somehow. . . ." and so he ran on.

Here then was a creature living in the lower stratum, and yet there was something engaging about him. He interested me. Kate's behaviour had made me vaguely uneasy, and I felt the need of further proof for my contention. There and then I determined to probe that little man.

"How many are there?" I asked foolishly, with my immediate self.

"Six," he replied, beaming. "Yes, sir, six. Roosevelt is certainly on the right track. If a man wants to feel satisfied and happy and worth something in the world let him get a wife and have a home and children. There's nothing like it, if the woman's the right sort."

"Bah," registered my inmost self. However, I have always prided myself on my ability to look at both sides of an argument, and if I was setting out to treat him with scientific ruth-



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lessness I at least never allowed myself any greater leniency. Now for the experiment. I regarded him as my rightful prey. He was a detached element in a big problem. The other factors were myself, Kate, and life.

"Is it a matter of supreme satisfaction to you," I said, beginning the probing process, "to laboriously raise up children for an ungrateful society? Is this the most satisfying moment in your life when you can go home and gratify their expectations by a number of propitiatory offerings?"

He looked at me for a moment rather pityingly. He, following the paths of vulgar bathos, pitied me!

"Oh, come now," he said in a conciliatory tone. "Well, of course, you aren't a married man, and naturally you can't see these things as a family man does. Haven't you any relatives in town this Christmas?"

I informed him that I had been an orphan from my sixth year, and that I had fought my way up to the position of first chartered accountant in the city unaided. I detest false modesty.

"And you haven't a single person to whom to send a Christmas present. You are certainly missing a great deal."

"No, I haven't," I said, and immediately thought of Kate and our engagement ring. I assured her when I presented it that it was the relic of an ancient sex-taboo which we in the twentieth century should be ashamed to perpetuate.

My voluble companion kept chatting away about his family, never noticing my silence. There was such an air of wholesome kindness about him that I began to warm to him. . . . there it is again, that crass feeling! To my astonishment I found myself chatting quite easily with him. Then, without a moment's warning, he dropped a shell into the happy hunting ground of my peaceful faculties.

"Look here, Mr.—Mr.," he exploded with a sudden burst of confidence that ought to have warned me.

"Archibald," I supplied.

"Mr. Archibald, you aren't going anywhere. You come right round to our house for dinner. You are lonesome. I can see that, and the wife and children will be tickled to death to have you. Now they will," he said emphatically, as I showed signs of hesitation.

He who hesitates—you know the rest. I said, yes.

My mind works slowly, although with great precision, and I do not remember anything very clearly after that till I was ushered into the midst of a crowd of sturdy youngsters, all shouting and laughing at the same time, over whom presided a buxom, middle-aged lady, her face all abeam and glistening with her hospitable exertions. I was unnoticed for a moment in the siege to which my host was subjected.

"I've brought a poor lonely man who hasn't a family tie of his own this Christmas night, to share our good things, Martha." Thus, my abductor.

I was brought forward and immediately taken in tow by five-year-old Jimmie. His mother made me welcome, and with utter bewilderment I found myself enjoying the artless efforts of my small entertainers. Bright, pleasant Dorothy, aged eighteen or thereabouts, rose from the piano where she had been picking out a popular air and came across to shake hands with me, smiling frankly.

"We're so glad to have you with us, Mr. Archibald," she said.

Then there was the dinner, and the jokes, and Mrs. McGee bustling in and out of the kitchen, and the ceaseless chatter and laughter of the children. As soon as the mits and candies had been duly distributed, one blue-eyed, cherubic little girl, with a towse! of golden hair, climbed insistently up into my lap.

"Don't bother Mr. Archibald, Louisa," chided Mrs. McGee.

"I isn't. He likes me," pouted Louisa. "Don't you, Mr. Archibode?"

Of course I agreed with the little lady.

Dinner over, the youngsters organized a number of uproarious games, and I found it momentarily harder to keep up the proper degree of abstraction necessary to an impartial experimenter.

"Hurrah, I've got you now, Uncle Archibald," shouted Jimmie at the top of his voice; and I caught the little fellow up and swung him to my shoulder. Then came a ring at the door bell, and a moment of silence, followed by a general stampede for the vestibule.

"I bet it's Auntie Tatie, Auntie Tatie," screamed Louisa.

I wondered uneasily what this feminine addition to the family would be like.



1914 CLASS EXECUTIVE

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3rd Row—W. F. BOWLES, Prophet; H. G. ROBERTSON, Historian; J. E. BRETT, Poet.

Then! . . . "Kate," I said, hurriedly, almost letting Jimmie fall, as Dorothy endeavored to introduce us. "Kate, I am in the midst of an experiment. I am unmoved by all this. I want to show you by experimental proof. . . . I have come to the absolute conclusion that. . . that. . . ."

Her eyes twinkled. "Yes," she said sweetly, with a slight rising inflection, while she watched Jimmie soberly dropping bits of tinsel ornament down inside my collar.

Then the children enveloped her. Something rose up within me in rebuke. I stopped short. Hang it all! How she looked there with all the happy, clinging youngsters about her!

That was the last ditch. Bathos reigned, but somehow it seemed something different. I was at a loss. Everybody beamed on me, and I suddenly found a new John Archibald as hilarious as the best of them.

At last we got away, and as we waved the third good-bye Jimmie sent after us a lusty "Hurrah for Aunt Katie and Uncle Archibald."

"Yes," Kate resumed somewhat further down the street, "Dorothy is a delightful little thing. She is one of father's stenographers, you know. I try to know all of the girls in the place. Some of their lives are so cheerless, but she's fortunate. It always cheers me up to go there. . . ."

Somehow I felt that I had to justify myself.

"Kate," I said humbly, "I am afraid that if I live up to my principle I will have to confess that. . . . that I am at a perfect loss to explain, . . . but. . . ."

I turned to find her smiling, and somehow there was a sheer happiness in that smile that staggered me a little. I caught the glint of tears on her lashes as we passed a street light; but she said nothing. Then as we rode home on the shabby, sordid car, some devilish imp kept shouting in my ear in time with the grinding and clanking of the wheels.

"You're wrong, old man, you're wrong, old man, you're wrong, wrong, wrong!"

We stood once more in the warm hallway. Bathos reigned. I can't help it, it reigned, and I had neither the power nor the desire to resist. It was different anyway. Somehow there was a sort of transcendent goodness and deariness about her that suddenly enveloped me completely and lifted me out of my-

self. For the first time I felt abashed and awed. . . . but it came.

"Kate," I said. "Kate, it's perfectly ridiculous, but it's Christmas eve you know. . . . and I am afraid I was wrong. . . ." That is not what I intended to say, but my usually reliable vocal cords were paralyzed.

Her hand was on my arm, and in the mellow light of the hallway her lips trembled. . . .

Ten minutes later her head was still on my shoulder.

"Kate, dear," I said—now, of course, I still maintain that it is bathos—"Kate, dear, I guess—I guess you are right. They are not incompatible after all."

Now that may be cryptic, but it meant a lot.

A Reverie

I WANDERED by a garden fair,
And there a child with wavy hair
Stooped down and picked a rose.
She, smiling, ran to rustic rest,
And with the flower naïvely pressed
Her grandsire's cheeks so close.

Such magic of endearment true,
If permanent in me and you,
Would paradise our earth.
But no! the bitter shame of greed,
Deceit, ill-will, and thoughtless deed,
Robs manhood of full worth.

And so I mused as I passed on,
Wondering—Must it ever be,
Commingled joy and pain?
The message of the meadows green,
Remembrance of the garden scene,
Made me take heart again.

H. HOLGATE, M.A.



1916 CLASS EXECUTIVE

Top Row—W. L. CUTLIS, 2nd Vice-President; Miss H. L. MARTIN, Lady Historian; D. K. HAMILTON, Historian; Miss N. W. SPENCER, Pianist; Miss R. M. McLAUGHLIN, Poetess; H. W. WATT, Poet.
 2nd Row—Miss S. E. CHURCHMAN, Treasurer; S. H. GREENSLADE, President; Prof. L. E. HORNING, Ph.D., Hon. President; Miss C. E. HOCKEY, 1st Vice-President; C. B. ADAMS, Secretary.

And a Little Child

JOHN D. ROBINS, B.A.

I.

Still, the whole camp recognized the necessity. It was tough luck, but there was no help for it. The foreman had put the situation fairly.

"No, boys," he had concluded by saying, "there ain't no way out of it. Some man's got to mind the kid. Pete can't stand bein' jolted out to the Soo on a tote sleigh when he's as weak as he is, an' now, with Mrs. Ryan none too smart, it's up to this gang. The cookin's got to be did, an' there ain't nobody else to do it. Ned'll make a sort of lott'ry, an' the man as draws the baby'll hev to take his medicine. There's another woman comin' in in a few days. His time'll go on just the same's ef he was workin'."

"Workin'!" interjected Jim Ricketts. "It's a cinch the boss ain't married."

The lottery was now in progress. The foreman shook the hat and drew out each man's slip as Ned read out his name from the time sheet. The first draw had been made in a deathlike silence, like the numbering out of the tenth men by Cromwell at Drogheda. After the first half dozen, however, the tension relaxed slightly. It ceased to be general. The fortunate ones began to joke feebly.

Canthook Bill was twenty-fifth in the order of agony. He sauntered up gaily, with that careless abandon that always marked his poker playing, the carelessness of one upon whom chance is accustomed to smile. As he opened the slip that was drawn out and handed to him the expectant crowd saw his expression change. Then he stared again at the slip, and swore. That was sufficient.

"Whoop-ty-idy!" cried out Dick, who was twenty-sixth. "By jinks, it's Canthook Bill fer the new nuss gal! You kin sandwich me betwixt the devil an' the deep drink ef he don't make the cutest little nuss out!" Bill merely glowered at him and swore some more. The hilarity of the relieved crowd knew no bounds.

“ Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy’s gone a-hunting,”

sang Diamond Jack.

“ Gone to get a rabbit-skin
To wrap”

“ Now, by the humpin’ ! This stops ! ” shouted Bill, as he vainly made a lunge at the singer. But the boys quieted down somewhat.

When the full force of the situation came home to him, however, he feverishly sought avenues of escape. Lavish offers were made to any volunteer substitute, but the men in Dunn’s were no vile mercenaries. A personal canvass was made of the whole camp, but without success. Finally, when all efforts to evade the responsibility had proved fruitless, he sat down on the edge of his bunk and laughed.

“ Well, I’ll be cow-swaggled ! Boys, the joke’s on me all right, all right, but, by jiminy, I’ll die game. Lead me to it, boss ; lead me to it. Any tips you kin give me on teethin’ dope, soothin’ bitters er kids’ shirt waists ’ll be thankfully took in.”

And then the foreman led him to it.

II.

Canthook Bill mopped his face as he slowly walked across from the cook camp to the sleeper. His first day’s work was done. He paused before the door, and listened a moment to the babel within. He was not anxious to face the reception that he knew awaited him, and had even turned away in the direction of the stables when he almost collided with the tote teamster, who was coming in from currying his team.

“ Hello Bill ! ” cried the latter. “ Kinder nervous like ? Don’t be skeered. Come right in. They won’t bite you.”

Bill did not respond in words.

“ Well, by hoky,” muttered the teamster, as he picked himself up out of the snowdrift into which he had been deposited, “ this new job of his ain’t softened his muscles much yet, that’s one sure trump.”



Y.M.C.A. EXECUTIVE, 1913-14

Top Row—A. N. C. POUND, B.A., President Missionary Society; R. P. STAFFORD, '14, Mission Study; R. T. RICHARDS, Membership; R. C. COPELAND, '14, President Social Union; W. R. MACWILLIAMS, '14, Bible Study; J. E. GRIFFIN, '15, New Student; T. B. EDMONDS, B.A., President Volunteer Band.

2nd Row—C. F. WATSON, '15, Secretary; F. J. T. MAINES, '14, President; CHANCELLOR R. P. BOWLES, Hon. President; REV. DR. J. W. GRAHAM, Rep. Board of Directors; J. C. COCHRANE, C.T., Vice-President; M. KENNEDY, '16, Treasurer.

Meanwhile Bill had gone in. A burst of laughter greeted him.

"Hey, boys, git a seat fer the hired gal," came from somewhere in the smoke.

"Now, look here!" began Bill, but a fresh burst drowned his voice.

"Listen to me, you blamed idiots!" shouted Bill again.

"Sh——, boys, you'll wake the baby," cried Dick. "Now let's hear what Bill's got to say. Give him a chance. Now, Bill, steam up."

Bill climbed upon the heavy table, and the gang gathered about it.

"Boys, the feller as loses has got to pay fer the drinks. I most gener'lly hev pretty blame good luck an' I can't kick now. It's my treat. Now see here! The nateral cussedness is just a-stickin' out of every son of a sea-cook in this camp in big chunks. You reckon on makin' life one hallelujah hymn fer me."

The crowd roared.

"There's more in your head 'n kin be raked out with a fine comb," put in Jack Howard.

"Now, boys," continued the orator, "I'm a-goin' to deal out all the infermation I hev on hand about this job, an' I'll let you hev your fun in reason, an' after that the feller as gits too cocky won't be worth powder to blow him to blazes when I get through with him."

"Feller timber-beasts," said Dick, "you kin drop me in Owen Sound with a two months' thirst ef that ain't a game proposition. I move that Bill has the floor."

"Gentlemen!" called out Fred Vernon, who had been a Varsity Med, as he pushed his way to the front. "Gentlemen, it has been moved that Canthook Bill be given the floor, or more correctly, the table. Permit me, then, to introduce to you the speaker of the evening, the versatile Canthook William, who can roll logs better than any man in camp with one hand, while with the other he sings a soothing lullaby to the baby. Canthook William will now address us on 'Swatting the Kid.' All right, Bill."

Vernon always could get a crowd quiet.

"I reckon you fellers know as I ain't much on kid coddlin'." began Bill, "an' I'd a sooner rocked a porcypine 'n a baby any day, but there is musteriorious dispensations of Providence, as that preacher said the other Sunday when he was here, an' this is one of 'em." Here he paused a moment.

"Not too rotten fer a start-off," interjected Jim. "Only you should a said somethin' about bein' tickled ter death ter see such a slew of smart-lookin' cusses in front of you."

"Howly Patrick !" cried Mike Donovan. "Let the b'y alone, can't ye? Bring on the little spalpeen, Billy."

Thus adjured, Bill continued his report.

"I reckon Mrs. Ryan was a scared little woman when the boss took me in an' he says, 'Mrs. Ryan, Bill here wants to help mind the baby till Pete picks up a little.' An' I felt about like two Yankee cents. But, by the humpin', I'm here to tell you that that same kid-coddlin' ain't no child's job. I ain't ached so since I had the inflammat'ry rheumatiz, an' as fer agein' a man, well the D.T.'s ain't a patchin' to it. But she didn't let on she was scared. She smiled, an' she says, 'There ain't a man in camp, barrin' Pete, as I'd trust the baby to quicker.' That knocked off one of them Yankee cents an' punched a hole in the other, but I says, 'I ain't no old hand at this, Mrs. Ryan, but I'll do my durnedest an' I'm willin' to be learned.' An' I done it all right, all right. The baby woke up just then an' started to kinder whimper, an' Mrs. Ryan showed me a rockin' chair about four sizes too small, an' she give me that kid an' said it might go to sleep agin in an hour ef I'd rock it steady an' sing fer it kinder low. But I couldn't think of nothin' 'cept 'the Irish Washer-woman.'"

"How 'bout 'Bye Baby Buntin'?" queried Dick, from his safe distance. "Queer, it didn't come to yer mind."

Bill measured the distance and decided to ignore the interruption.

"So I sung that blame thing fer a fair, an' the more I sung the waker that little cuss got. An' after I got pretty consarned tired it begun to wiggle. By the humpin', boys! that kid was harder to hang onto than a greased hog. But I stayed with it. Then I sung an' rocked to beat perdition an' it wiggled to beat three of a kind, an' pretty soon it began to whimper agin. Mrs.



ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1913-14

Top Row—A. HALBERT, Theological Rep.; L. S. BEATTY, 1st Year Rep.; C. SHAMPSON, 2nd Vice-President; C. F. WATSON, Rugby Rep.; R. R. FLEMING, Water Polo Rep.; F. J. T. MAINES, Basket Ball Rep.

2nd Row—G. L. ROBB, Treasurer; T. W. McDOWELL, President; DR. J. W. GRAHAM, Hon. President; H. H. SANDERSON, 1st Vice-President; G. W. BROWN, Secretary.

Ryan was busy with dinner. She come in about five minutes before, an' said she was sorry fer me. So I begun to get a little mad, an' I says to it, 'Shut your consarned blinkers, will you?' an' shook it just what you'd notice, to make it savvy. An' then it began to squall an' land them little claws in my winders like a mad lynx, an' I says to myself, I says, This does you, my friend. It's pure cussedness, an' it says somewheres, 'Lay on the shingle, and the kid won't take to drink.' I didn't hev a shingle, but I've got a pretty fair-sized bread hook, an' I laid it on. An' that kid sure did yell to beat the ears, an' just then Mrs. Ryan come rummin' in, an' she says, 'Is the baby hurt?' She *was* scared-lookin' then. 'No, Mrs. Ryan,' says I, 'I don't know what's got into it. Reckon it just took a notion to squall fer exercise.' 'No,' says she, lookin' at me kinder hard, 'it don't cry that way just fer exercise.' An' with that she takes it up an' begins to feel aroun', callin' it all the fool names that women hev fer kids. I felt pretty skittish, I kin tell you. I didn't want to hev no woman in my wool. An' then all of a sudden she turns to me, an' she shows me a pin, an' she says, 'no wonder the baby was cryin'. They was a pin stickin' in it. An' I'll be cow-swoggled, boys, ef I don't think to this day as Providence must a stuck that pin in! It sure let me out. An' then she set down an' put it to sleep in about five minutes. I done better after dinner, an' didn't trust Providence fer any more pins. Them's the main doin's, an' to-morrow night I'll hand out some tips on kids to you, but, boys, if you'll take a fool's advice, after forty years' experience, an' that's about what to-day seems like to me, you'll never git hooked up an' let in fer that sort of thing as a reg'lar diet."

"The c'lection 'll now be took up," said Dick.

III.

"Go tell Aunt Diner,

Go tell Aunt Diner,

Go tell Aunt Diner,

Her grey goose is dead."

The singing was accompanied by the creaking of the home-made rocker on the rough pine floor. Bill hitched it over when it worked too close to the clothes horse. He was studying the

pattern of the wall paper opposite, said wall paper having formerly served as sacks wherein "Golden Rose Flour" was sold in twenty-five, fifty and hundred pound lots. From the kitchen came the clatter of pots and pans, and the contented singing of Mrs. Ryan. She felt safe in leaving the baby with Bill now. He had been nurse for three days and was doing splendidly. He had learned many things hitherto undreamed of in his philosophy. Poor Pete Ryan was sleeping, white and limp, but convalescing. Bill looked down at the white-dressed little mite curled up trustingly in his arms. Was it asleep? It *was* a cute little cuss, and as good as pie. Three days before it had been a "damn yelling brat." The blue eyes opened. Bill smiled down at it and began to sing again.

"Roll the ol' chariot along;
Roll the ol' chariot along;
Roll the ol' chariot along,
An' we'll all hang on behind."

Bill had done a great deal of thinking during the last three days, most if it reminiscent. He had played once more on the barn floor and jumped off the big cross-beam down into the hay-mow. Once again he had listened to his mother's singing, as she used to sit beside him and sing to him during that awful winter of the whooping cough. Yes, and she had told him of Jonah in the lions' den, and of many others of the old worthies. Wasn't it Jonah? He had been nourished on them, rather than on Grimm and Andersen. The baby stirred uneasily.

"We're off now fer the party;
Miss Liza, you keep cool.
I'se got no time to kiss you now;
I'se busy with the mule.

"Whoa! I tell you!
Whoa! I say!
Keep yer seat, Miss Liza Jane,
An' hang on to the sleigh."

Yes, and there had been the old white school—and then Jennie. What an idiot he had been! He thought of the school-

days' friendship and then of his going away, and how he had found her after many years on his return the same true girl of the old days. Then had come the sweet romance—and the petty nothing that had shattered it. What a fool he was! Three years ago—no, it was an eternity ago! What was the use of anything now? He thought he had calloused himself, but now the clutching of a baby's fingers was at his heart, and old feelings awoke within him.

“Sh' —sh, —sh. Go to sleep, little kid.

She was all I had to cherish.

Ever faithful, kind and true,

And she wore beneath her bonnet

Amber tresses, tied in blue.

She was all — — — —.”

Yes, but that was all over now. He did not even know where she was.

“Sh— sh— What can I sing that's slow-like?” he whispered. “I'll get it to sleep, an' then try to lay it down. I want to git out fer awhile by myself in the bush.”—He glanced over hastily at Pete. He was still asleep. Then he furtively lifted a corner of the baby's shawl to his eye. “Oh, yes, I got it. Ma used to sing it:

“The old ark's a-moverin', a-moverin', a-moverin',

The old ark's a-moverin', a-moverin' along.”

The rocking became slower.

“The old ———ark's——a-mov——erin',

A-move— — — —.”

Rocking and singing stopped, and Bill saw Jennie coming across the orchard at home, swinging her hat and smiling.

It was just at this moment that the tote team came in from the Soo with the mail, some supplies, and a passenger. The welcome given her by Mrs. Ryan was such as only a good woman who has been exiled for months from her own sex could give her. Then she was led through the cook camp and to the end

partitioned off for the apartments of the Ryan family. Mrs. Ryan opened the door and followed the newcomer in. Then they both stopped with that instinctive silence that imposes itself on the waking in the presence of sleep. Pete was still sleeping quietly, as were both occupants of the rocker. The tiny hand of the child was thrust into the bosom of the coarse jacket, and the little form was curled up close in the arms of the burly woodsman, whose bearded face was bent close to the dimpled daintiness of the baby's own. And on both was the same bright smile.

"Isn't that just too cute for anything?" whispered the new arrival.

Mrs. Ryan merely nodded. She was watching her guest. The lumberman threw his head back slightly, and the newcomer turned with a little stifled cry to Mrs. Ryan.

"Oh, Maud, it's Will Fletcher!" Then she flashed out.

"You knew, Maud! What made you do it? I'm going back right now."

"Indeed an' you're not, Jennie!" said Mrs. Ryan. "You're goin' to help me till Pete gets better."

"I am so!" whispered Jennie, fiercely. "What's he doing here?"

"Helpin' mind the baby till you got here. No, he didn't know you was comin.' An' he's been as nice as he could be with the baby. An' just look at that. Did you ever see a nicer picture?"

The girl was sobbing now.

"Oh, Maudie, let me go away!"

The baby stirred. Bill half opened his eyes and began to rock spasmodically.

"The old ark's a-mov-er-in," he murmured.

Mrs. Ryan laughed. Bill sat up and began to rock steadily. He looked across the room. The girl hesitated a moment, then took a step towards him.

"Hello, Will," said she simply.

"Jennie!" cried Canthook Bill, and Mrs. Ryan slipped out of the room.



CONVERSAZIONE COMMITTEE.

Top Row—A. HALBERT, C.T.; M. A. WILSON, '15; A. R. WILMOTT, '16; W. N. HANNA, '17.
 2nd Row—R. T. RICHARDS, '14; A. L. HUETTER, '15, Treasurer; S. E. ANNIS, B.A., Chairman; F. A. ARMSTRONG, '14,
 Secretary; J. E. BRETT, '14.

IV.

The men had all left the cook camp. Even the stragglers who had lingered behind in the hope of catching a glimpse of the fair visitant had finally left. The stranger had been the chief topic of conversation since her arrival the preceding day, and men thought enviously of Canthook Bill, and very regretfully of his vainly proffered lucre of a few days ago. Rumor had it that his services were to be retained in the nursery for at least two more days. But conversation was lagging when Bill came in, aggressive, good-natured, beaming. The boys looked at him and marvelled. Poor Joe Ricketts, who had carried a pail of water for Jennie in the morning, and had made headache an excuse for coming up early and hanging around the cook camp until supper time, slipped over stealthily.

"Say, Bill, ain't you afraid of makin' a kind of old woman of yourself ef you stay with that job too long?"

Bill grinned, as he slowly manipulated his right arm.

"Want to try the huskiness of the old woman, son?" he queried genially.

The tote teamster, who was standing near, laughed.

"Oh, no, I don't mean nothin'," Joe hastened to explain, "only I thought ef you wanted a chance to git back at a man's work, bein' as me an' you's old pals, I'd be willin' to tackle the job."

"Thank ye kindly," said Bill. "I'm wise now to where I did the wrong thing the other day. Ef I'd a asked you to take the nussin' job because you was an old pal, 'stead of offerin' you a ten, you'd a done it. But, son, the care of infants is a pertie'lar thing. A man shouldn't never ought to be set at it ef he ain't an old hand. A kid is like an ice road, it's——."

"Chuck it! Chuck it!" interrupted Dick. "Come on an' take a hand at poker."

"No, Dick, not fer mine," said Bill.

Dick whistled.

"Well, by jinks!" he cried. "You kin give me my next oncet-a-year wash in b'ilin' tar ef that ain't the first time sence I knowed you."

"Dick, she's a poor rig. I ain't got no money to lose that way, an' I don't want to make it fer nothin' ef I win."

"Jiminy!" cried Dick again. "Have you jined the Starvation Army?"—Then he added, as he reached out a big, calloused hand: "But you'll stay with it, Bill, an' here's luck to you."

An interested group had gathered.

"Boys, what's eatin' Bill is he thinks his luck's gone sence he drew the baby the other day," suggested Jack Howard.

"By the humpin', Jack, but you'd like mighty well to git that same draw now!" laughed Bill. "You fellers all reckon it was a blame lucky draw,—an' I ain't sayin' it wasn't."

"Lucky draw! Lucky nothin!" put in the foreman. "Bill, just come along with me to a little family party an' find out a thing er two. They're waitin' fer us now."

Jennie was rocking the baby when they went in. Pete was sitting up, propped with pillows.

"Mrs. Ryan," said the foreman, "here's a man as thinks the luck's been all his'n in the last few days."

"You don't mean it!" and Mrs. Ryan beamed on Jennie. Bill was blushing furiously, but he rose to the occasion, or tried to do so.

"Mrs. Ryan, ain't I learned a lot I never knowed before?"

"You have that, an' so've I an' some more of us."

Bill was silent.

"Oh, go on," said the foreman. "We know the hull yarn."

"Oh, you do!" muttered Bill, feeling much relieved, however. "Then I guess you ain't got no call to tell me I lie when I say it was a lucky draw."

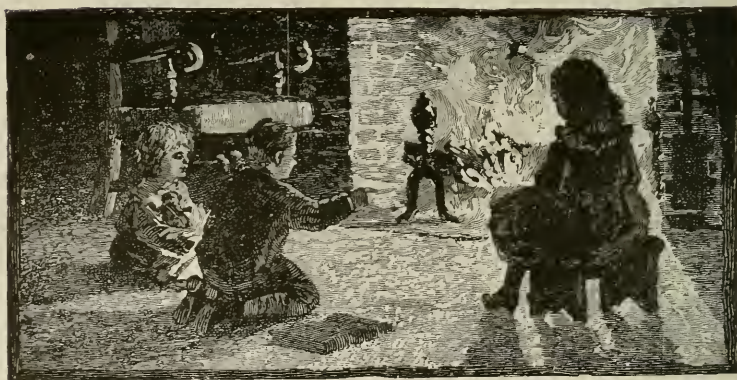
Mrs. Ryan now came to the rescue.

"I think we've teased him long enough, Mr. Dunn," said she, "an' I'll tell you why it ain't luck. You never knowed that Jennie an' me was cousins. We never lived in your parts sence I was a baby. But I knowed about you an' about the trouble an' all, an' I just thought then it was a shame an' a pity. So when Pete got hurt an' I wanted Mary, that's my sister, to come up, she sent word that she couldn't come, but Jennie would come a few days an' help me ef I wanted her. An' I just thought the good Lord had fixed it up, an' ef I could get you interested in the baby before she come you'd be kinder softened like. So I told Mr. Dunn, an' he said he'd fix it so you'd think it was a

straight draw. He said that 'd be the only way fer to get you, an' I guess he was about right."

"An' so it was a put-up job!" cried Bill. Then he looked across at Jennie,—and at the baby. A broad smile came over his face.

"Well, by the humpin'," he said. "Ef that ain't the second time as Providence has come along, and swamped the trail fer me out of my own cussedness an' hauled me out!"





If He Should Come Again

IF He should come again, the Son of Man,
A little babe among the beasts at rest,
Would we give joyous welcome unrepressed,
And understand His mission, and God's plan?

If He should come again, and we should see
His lowly home, His poverty and toil,
Would not our pride of place from these recoil,
And change to scorn our love and loyalty?

If He should come again and Wealth and Power
Should treat Him as of old with fierce disdain,
Would His pure life and teaching plead in vain
For love and leadership, His rightful dower?

If He should come again and give His life
In lowly service unto death of shame,
Would we stand true, our loyal hearts aflame
With joy, that we might share His holy strife?

He comes again for us, that Son of Man.
In every one we meet along life's way.
And pleads that all the joy of Christmas Day
Shall crown each day of every life's short span.

C. S.





PROBATIONERS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1913-14

Top Row—A. N. C. POUND, B.A., 2nd Vice-President; G. W. KAISER, '15, Treasurer; A. W. HONE, C.T., 3rd Vice-President; L. M. RICHARDSON, B.A., 4th Vice-President.
 2nd Row—A. E. MCCUTCHEON, B.A., President; CHANCELLOR R. P. BOWLES, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Hon. President; A. M. STEWART, Secretary.

A Bit of a Christmas Story

A. L. PHELPS, B.A.

Now this is not much of a story at all; in fact, it scarcely seems worth the telling. And yet, perhaps there is some little bit of the truth of human experience in it. It is really a Christmas story that is very, very simple and not wonderful in the least; unless simple things be wonderful; which some people believe.

And Gardner is such a splendid fellow. Perhaps that justifies trying to tell a bit of a story about him. The story begins about a month before Christmas. This is the story:

In certain moods Gardner realized it, that perhaps he had grown a bit hard. Once or twice a week at his shack door, or beside his stable, as a sunset made the west all one profound emotion, he was caught by the thrill of its wonder. He would pause awhile, milk pail in hand, then smile a slow little smile at his mood and continue about his work. "Poor fool that I am!" once he murmured. But that was one hour when the sunset, burning behind the poplar scrub, reminded him of his father's wood-lot and the old concession road. For the most part his days were busy days in which was little of moodiness or memories. The business of his farm and of his life was a stern business, and he undertook it mechanically and with a certain grim delight in accomplishment.

He had neighbours. Every homesteader and settler in the West has neighbours; whether they be ten miles away or one they are neighbours. His neighbours sometimes wondered about him. "Uncommunicative," they said of him. "Yep," said Jimmie Brown, the versatile storekeeper at Spring Creek, "that's right, but he'll waken up. Them quiet fellows always do."

The Methodist parson rode into Jimmy's store one day.

"Say," said Jimmy, "why the deuce don't you go out and see Wes Gardner? He's up there, a lonely bachelor, and he's got the finest bit of farm around. He's about the best farmer around, too. That's in his favour, sure. But he's shut as a

clam. Comes in here twice a week for supplies, says 'How do?' buys his bit of stuff, and goes back again. Something about him I like. Something I'm scared of. Why don't you go along up? Ask him down to church. You're squealing about us fellows not turning out to your services. Get out after us!"

Jimmy Brown and the young Methodist parson knew one another pretty well, and Jimmy often garbed his regard for the parson in such admonitory language. And often the parson replied in kind. This time he did so.

"Say," he queried, "Who's running this circuit, anyway? I've been up to Gardner's twice. The first time he wasn't home; the second time he was too busy to talk; he had just smashed his thumb handling lumber and he banged his door and went inside. I climbed on Pat and called 'Good day' back over my shoulder."

"And so you're going to be a quitter now, are you?" said Jimmy, through quizzing lids, leaning across his counter. "Well, most preachers is like that."

Of course Jimmy didn't mean it. And of course he knew that the parson would probably be up to see Gardner again very soon, for the parson indeed was no quitter. Matt Bannerman had never been placed in that category. Now, as he stood by the counter, he only laughed and asked for a quarter's worth of sugar.

"And I'll have it clean this time, please," he said sweetly.

"Who's running this store?" Jimmy growled. . . . Jimmy and the parson were very intimate friends.

Now it was not long afterwards that the parson rode up to Gardner's shack and dismounted.

"Hello!" he said to Gardner in the door, "got anything to eat?" It was just supper time.

"Sure!" said Gardner; "let's put in your pony. Better leave the saddle-cloth in the house. It's wet; may freeze in the stable."

"How is your thumb?" queried Matt.

Gardner laughed his slow little laugh at himself and passed it on to the parson.

"Better," he said; "it hurt like sin though!" Then he

grew suddenly aloof, and the lantern's rays illuminated now and then stern features and pursed lips.

Matt did not have a very congenial visit after all. At table the talk turned upon Christmas.

"A lot of tomfoolery," said Gardner. "We're getting as emotional over Christmas and a lot of things as a pack of foolish women. People to-day make me tired. Go crazy over sentiment and silliness. Look at a lot of fellows in this township, running around after the girls and making asses of themselves. It's all one kind of a thing. And they're letting their sections go to pot."

Matt saw opportunity.

"There's no going to pot about your section," he said: "it's pretty great. You sure have things in shape. But look here, Gardner, a man can't live satisfactorily if he cuts out all social times, and that phase of experience that Christmas and many of these other things stand for. Now, for instance, I'm going home for Christmas. I really can't afford it in one sense, but I'm going. I can't help it. And maybe you'll call me a fool." The two men had risen and were standing by the window looking out on the gleaming prairie snow beneath the stars. "I can't help it," said Matt. "Why, I feel I must see the old Ontario farm and the woods at the end of the lane, and the stars above 'em there. . . . It just gets me somehow; I must go . . . and my Dad meeting me at the little gray station. . . ."

Gardner smiled his smile again.

"Sounds all right," he said. "But I don't see it."

That night, however, as he lay in his bunk and listened to the purr of the fire and could not sleep for memories, he did see it. This is a bit of a Christmas story, you know. Perhaps it would never have been a story at all all if the visiting parson had not somehow or other conjured up the Christmas spirit on that particular evening. And, once conjured, it moved upon the heart of Gardner and would not let him sleep. The spirit of Christmas is a potent spirit. Repudiated, it is not discouraged. Spurned, it is not dismissed. And in the quiet of a Western shack, long after the parson had ridden away to the south over the gleaming trail, it was performing its ministry.

By and by Gardner went to his window, where he stood looking at the stars. Behind him the fire crackled and now and then the green wood sizzled. The firelight from the open damper played here and there upon the walls—bare walls, and grey and lonely.

Gardner thought about many things. Memories came crowding in. Memories he had planted what seemed so many years ago, in the warmth of the fire this night, blossomed and were beautiful and tender. He gazed at the stars. He saw the North Star, steady and far and wonderful. He remembered how it used to stand above his father's woods on winter nights in the East. The East had grown to be very, very far away of late. He had drifted. He was confessing to himself now. The slow, half-cynical little smile was gone. There was a mistiness in his eyes; he was confessing now. He had drifted. He had forgotten. He had neglected best things. He had retreated within himself, and now he was discovering the limits and narrowness of that retreat. . . . He was not thinking much about why all the drift, and forgetting, and hardness had come. That did not need to be dwelt upon. The why of that he knew well. And it seemed so small a thing now, so tragically usual and small a thing—a business misunderstanding with the Dad—no wild words, no open break, just the West for the son and the East for the father, that was all. It seemed so pitiable and tragic and foolish now. . . . The Northern Lights, from their gleaming camps along the prairie horizon edge, behind the dark poplar trees and willow scrub, had begun to palpitate up to the dome of the heavens. . . . His mother's letter was in his hand, with its Christmas suggestion which had been made for four years. He could make out some of the words by the lights in the sky. And a word he could seem to see plainest was "home." Somehow his mother's writing thrilled him, standing there by the window before the great sky.

And when a man so stands a Christmas story is nearly told. There really is not much else to say. Somehow a benediction fell upon Gardner. He knelt. No other attitude would do. . . .

When a man kneels like that he discovers somehow an order



B.D. EXECUTIVE, 1913-14.

Top Row—A. L. PHELPS, B.A., Vice-President; W. HOWIE, B.A., Student Council Representative.
 2nd Row—H. L. ROBERTS, B.A., President; R. P. BOWLES, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Hon. President; L. M. RICHARDSON,
 B.A., Sec.-Treas.

and quietness in his life. And the sleep that follows has a healing and a deep peace in it.

Gardner rose the next morning into a new day. Never had been so wonderful a dawn. As the stars faded he watched the sunrise color move and spread, while the snowfields glistened with hues of opal and gold. Scarce is anything so wonderful as a prairie dawn, and Gardner loved the great West land as he had never loved it before. But there was also in his heart the longing for an old home place he knew. Strange, how the heart of man can often hold two loves where none found room before.

"'Twon't take long to pack," he said. And he smiled again his slow smile, a bit whimsically. There was a rare tenderness in it now. On the far prairie, beneath the bright stars, the Christmas spirit had worked its ancient miracle again.

And the parson and Jimmy Brown, when they heard about it, were very glad.

And Jimmy, leaning over his counter, said "I told you so."



A Tribute to Dr. John Burwash

By DEAN WALLACE.

The Address at the Funeral Service in Victoria Chapel.

In recent years Victoria College has been very hard hit by deaths and resignations of members of its staff. Of the whole Faculty in Arts and Theology, which moved up from Cobourg in 1892, only four are now left on the active list. Of the Professores Emeriti, our revered and beloved Chancellor Burwash and Dean Reynar are enjoying the mellow autumn of a ripe and beautiful age. But now the third Professor Emeritus has been added to the list of those who have gone out from us to return no more, whose memory we count precious and whom we hope to rejoin some day when

“With the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile.”

The Rev. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., Professor Emeritus of Homiletics and English Bible in this College, was born near St. Andrews, Quebec, May 8th, 1842, the second son of Adam Burwash and Anne Taylor. On his father's side he was of an old English family, counting barons and bishops in England, and U. E. Loyalists in America, among his ancestors. On his mother's side he was Highland Scotch, his mother being a sister of that eminent and eloquent minister of our Church, Dr. Lachlan Taylor, who forty years ago was one of the foremost figures in Canadian public life.

Soon after John Burwash's birth the family removed to the beautiful village of Baltimore, on the hills back of Cobourg, overlooking the wide-sweeping vista of Lake Ontario. Life on a farm and in an intelligent and godly home developed the boy in all the range of his powers. His academic training was received in the old Victoria College, Cobourg, where so many men were prepared for honorable and useful careers. At his graduation in 1863 he was Prince of Wales Medallist. In 1872 he received the degree of M.A.

Immediately on graduation he was accepted by the Conference as a probationer for the ministry of the Methodist Church. As such he preached on the Canton, Colborne and Baltimore



1917 CLASS EXECUTIVE

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 2nd Row—H. F. SWANN, President; L. E. HORNING, Ph.D., Hon. President; Miss H. C. WELLS, Vice-President.

circuits, and for one year was classical tutor in Victoria College. In 1867 he was ordained and appointed pastor in Belleville. In that same year he was most happily married to Miss Eden Henwood of Port Hope. After two years in Belleville and one in Parkhill he was appointed Principal of the Boys' Academy in connection with Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick. After two years post-graduate study in Natural Science at Harvard he entered, in 1874, upon the work of the chair of Natural Science in Mount Allison University, where he served with great distinction for many years. In 1888 he was honoured with the degree of D.Sc. An interlude in this academic work was a three years' pastorate in the large and important Methodist Church at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. On his return to his chair at Mount Allison he received the appointment of Provincial Assayer for the Province of New Brunswick. He counted as one of the most eminent and useful educators of the Maritime Provinces, and apparently had a long and prosperous career before him in the East. But suddenly there came a summons to return to his Alma Mater in a time of crisis and transition. With characteristic unselfishness he obeyed what he regarded as the call of duty. In 1890, on the retirement of the eloquent Dr. Eugene Haand, who had made Faraday Hall in Victoria University, Cobourg, a centre of scientific interest. Dr. John Burwash took his place as the head of the Department of Natural Science, and carried on the work with great energy, thoroughness and success for two years. On the removal of Victoria to Toronto in 1892 all work in Natural Science was dropped, as our students avail themselves of the large resources and equipment of the Provincial University.

Dr. John, as we were accustomed familiarly to call him, now took the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, a position for which his own excellence as a preacher and experience as a pastor had fitted him. The work in English Bible was added soon after, and also that in several minor subjects. The task which he assumed was extraordinarily heavy, as he had many subjects to teach and many hours of lectures. But he was always willing to do his share, and more than his share, of the work of the College; he was unsparing in his devotion to his duties and he, doubtless, by his inordinately severe labours, prematurely undermined his strength and so shortened his life.

During his eighteen years of teaching in Toronto many candidates for the ministry received from him true ideals of an earnest, practical, evangelical ministry. A few years ago he was honoured by the University of New Brunswick with the degree of LL.D.

During all those strenuous years, both in New Brunswick, in Cobourg and in Toronto, he added much to his work by almost incessant preaching in all parts of the country. In his later years he went out to help in the churches more than any other professor on the staff. His preaching was characterized by vigour and clearness of thought, simplicity and directness of style, the impress of a strong and sincere personality, and the swing of a manly, fervent and persuasive eloquence.

Such multiplied and excessive labours finally exhausted his nervous energy and broke down his strong constitution, so that, in failing health, he retired from the work of the College in 1910. Since that time his home has been in Calgary with his only child, his widowed daughter, Mrs. Frederick Langford.

It was a terrible blow to him when Mrs. Burwash, the loving and beloved partner of his life for forty-five years, died very suddenly in October, 1912. Within about a year we have been called together in this building to mourn first the wife and now the husband, whom God's love has now set side by side again.

Dr. John Burwash was pre-eminently and in every sense a strong and manly man. In physique he was a splendid specimen of stalwart manhood, tall, large, strong-limbed, of great muscular power. I have heard him gleefully tell how as a boy in his father's harvest field he could keep two or three men busy. One day, as we passed a group of navvies digging a trench on the street, he said to me, "Oh, how I would like to throw off my coat, jump down there, and show those men how to work!" In Muskoka, within comparatively recent years, I have seen him carry a heavy canoe over his head and shoulders for a considerable distance across a long, rough, steep portage. He was full of exuberant vitality and simply loved work. It is hard to realize that such unusual physical strength should have given way so comparatively early.

He was pre-eminently strong and manly in character. Everyone who knew him respected him for his force and courage, his transparent sincerity, his noble frankness, his spotless integrity. No one ever doubted his word. He was "true-



CONFERENCE THEOLOGY CLASS EXECUTIVE CLASS, 1913-14.

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 2nd Row—W. W. COTTON, Secretary; G. DENYES, President; PROF. POTTER, M.A., D.D., Hon. President; E. FRAY, Vice-President; A. W. HONE, Prophet.

hearted, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal." He was very independent in judgment, very outspoken in the expression of his convictions and very courageous in maintaining them. He could not smooth his tongue to please and to court favour. Pretence, intrigue and insincerity were simply impossible to him. Wherever he suspected duplicity he was impetuous and even vehement in his denunciation of it. He hated shams and hypocrisies with a fiery indignation. He was generous and tolerant toward other men so long as he believed them to be true and honest. But meanness and selfish expediency he simply could not endure. Injustice he detested. He vigorously demanded and he scrupulously accorded "the square deal." The spirit of his life may well be summed up in the familiar words of Norman Macleod:

"Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right."

He was clear, incisive, simple and Christian in his moral judgments. He did not indulge in the luxury of subtle ethical distinctions, nor skate on thin ice morally. He followed the primal instincts of an intelligent, unspoiled Christian heart rather than fine-spun theories. He was more interested in the healthy than in the diseased mind, in the normal than in the pathological experiences of humanity. He was not within speaking distance of those thinkers and writers who are so devoted to the discussion of morbid ethical cases and problems that they leave their readers at the last wondering whether or not it is worth while to be pure and chaste and scrupulous. No! To John Burwash sin was sin, wrong was wrong, righteousness was righteousness, and he would follow right in scorn of consequences. His was one of those strong, simple, straight, direct, rugged and wholesome natures which are the very salt of the earth.

Moreover, he was of a very sociable temperament, fond of company, a good raconteur, a warm and attached friend. His social nature found satisfaction in his home, in his Church, and in his Masonic lodge. He and his wife were the very

soul of generous and gracious hospitality, as many of us have pleasantly experienced in Cobourg, in Toronto, and in Muskoka. It was my pleasure to be in his company very much during the years of his work in Toronto, for his room in the College was close to mine, and we often walked home together, and often went for longer walks out into the country. My impression from all this intimate intercourse was that of a singularly pure, noble and unselfish spirit. I never heard him say a mean or cynical thing about another man. He was devoted and steady in his allegiance to good causes and good men. He was an earnest and consistent Christian, proclaiming his Christianity more by deeds than words of profession, conservative in his theological views, but no obscurantist and no inquisitor, content to yield to others the freedom which he claimed for himself, respecting honest opinion in all things and in all men.

And now that in the providence of God he rests from his labours and enters into the joy of his Lord, we shall sadly miss him. But the memory of the just is blessed. And the memory of so strong and true a character and so useful a lifework as that of Dr. John Burwash will abide long and with many men as an inspiration to honesty, purity and courage.


“Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare’s past;
The battle’s fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.”

Only To-Day


Only to-day I hold you, dearest heart,
I hope not in the dim unreal to-morrow,
To have your pearl-pale blossoms for my part—
Else where were sorrow?

Only to-day your phantom roses bloom,
To-morrow comes the autumn wind a-sighing;
Parting our lips it folds us to the tomb—
Else what were dying?


From *The Notre Dame Scholastic*.




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VICTORIA COLLEGE

'14-1913


STUDENT COUNCIL



W. Howie '14



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J. W. Meyer '14
Pres.

Student Government in Victoria College

With apologies I misquote—some are born to Acta, some achieve Acta, and others are thrust upon Acta. The last is my defence. It was felt that a knowledge of the movement which culminated in student control in Victoria might be valuable to other colleges which might be considering the question for themselves. It is believed that the agreement between the Faculty and the male students of Victoria College contains the essential basis for a successful system of student control. Hence at the suggestion of the Editor of ACTA the Student's Council requested me to state briefly the steps which led up to its establishment.

Canada, as the true daughter of the mother land, is the home of institutions of self-government. We have in political affairs a complete system, from the cross-roads school boards and wayside pathmasters to the stately Assemblies at Ottawa. Indeed we have grown up in the very atmosphere of self-government.

The students in our Colleges have reached the age of manhood, even though some of them have not yet put away childish things. Many of them have been away from school, wrestling with the practical problems that confront the individual and the community. Is it then to be wondered at if the desire for student government should show itself in our Canadian Colleges? And indeed it is a laudable desire. For, if college men aspire to leadership, and I believe they ought to do so in that life which they must enter at the end of college days, they must learn to discipline themselves and to weigh with sympathy and fairness the conduct of others. One of the means to this end is found in student government.

Victoria College is a very democratic institution (the adjective is *not* proper), and one where the restraining hand of authority has been less heavily felt than in most colleges. For this, among many things, we owe a debt of gratitude to our beloved ex-Chancellor. Yet for many years the students have longed to see student control established on the old Ontario strand. It was in the Literary Society that these longings found public expression. On one or two occasions committees were

appointed to investigate the question, but nothing tangible resulted. The committees were not enthusiastic enough, or the Faculty was not sufficiently cordial, and so student government failed to become a reality.

However, these longings continued to inspire successive generations of students. Then, partly at least because of political exigencies, the government which controlled the destinies of the "Lit." in the spring of 1912 appointed a committee to look into the matter. Those versed in the ways of such committees said that the matter would go no further.

But lo! as Carlyle would say, at last we had a committee that could walk. And, what is more, it did walk, and carried the question of student government in Victoria College to a point where it had to be definitely accepted or rejected by the students. The names of the men who actually saw the project through ought to go down in history, and we will preserve them here, "lest we forget." They were Messrs. H. J. Goodyear ('13), J. D. Robins ('13), H. C. Jeffries ('13), J. W. Moyer ('14) and W. M. Smith ('14).

The first step was to hold a conference with representatives of the Faculty. The committee met Professors McLaughlin, Langford, Blewitt and Robertson, and it was found that the committee and the Faculty had each been expecting some definite proposals from the other. So this first meeting was fruitless, except that it set the members of the committee to work on the drafting of a constitution.

There is no doubt that the constitution builders found their work a labor of love. They also cherished, as time went on, a deepening regard for the product of their joint efforts. When the constitution had been prepared, and after much criticism and some changes had gained the approval of the Literary Society it was presented to the Faculty.

Then there arose occasion for lamentation. The Faculty, who with their cultured minds might have been expected to appreciate the product of genius, laid violent hands upon the cherished constitution. They said it could not walk. And why, forsooth? Because it had made no proper provision for an agreement by which the Faculty might delegate and the student body might assume the necessary powers. So the Faculty in

their wisdom said, "Your constitution must be simply the provision for the machinery, the essence of your labours must be in the form of an agreement between the Faculty and the students."

After much discussion the committee was persuaded to surrender its cherished constitution, and was brought to see the wisdom of the Faculty's plan. The essentials were embodied in an agreement which appears at the close of this article. The details providing for the machinery, for its construction and possible destruction were embodied in a constitution. The agreement was submitted to the student body in March, 1913. Copies were posted on the College bulletin boards. Before the vote was taken a mass meeting of the students was held to consider the agreement. The result of the vote was an overwhelming majority in favour of adopting the agreement. The machinery was constructed according to the constitution, and the Council waited only for the approval of the Senate and the signatures of the President before formally taking up their labours. The Senate gave its approval during the long vacation, and the newly-elected President signed the agreement in October.

Now we have student government provided for. The machinery is constructed, its functions are determined, the Council has large responsibilities, it has also large powers, but, to use Carlyle's figure again, can it walk? The Council is assured of the approval of the Faculty in all reasonable discipline. The spirit of life which will make student government a successful factor in the college life must come through the loyalty to, and co-operation with, the Council, by the men who elected them and whom they represent. To a future historian must be left the story of success or failure.

L. W. M.

Agreement between the Faculty of Victoria College and the Men Students of the College.

1. Whereas the men students of Victoria College have expressed the desire to have a larger measure of responsibility and control in connection with their student life, the Faculty of Victoria College (with the consent and approval of the Pre-

sident and Senate of the college) hereby agrees to entrust to the men students of Victoria College, as represented by the Victoria Student Council, the management within the limits hereinafter defined of all matters concerning the conduct and activities of the said students that are not strictly academic. And the Victoria Student's Council, representing the men students of the college, hereby agrees, in accepting the trust thus committed to them, to endeavour to perpetuate the best traditions of the college and increase its influence for good. But nothing in this agreement shall be understood as limiting the ultimate authority and responsibility of the President, Faculty and Senate in regard to the proper maintenance of good order in the college.

2.—(a) Except as provided in sub-section *b*, the following matters shall not come under the jurisdiction of the Council: (i.) All matters under the jurisdiction of the authorities of Burwash Hall; (ii.) all matters pertaining to the use of college property of every kind; (iii.) the organization and internal management of all college societies, and the arrangements made for the meetings and public functions. (*b*) But in regard to any or all of the matters so reserved the Council may tender advice, and it shall have authority to make and enforce regulations dealing with the conduct of students on any and all occasions.

3. All the general regulations of the Faculty in existence at the time of the making of this agreement shall be regarded as equally regulations of the Council unless and until they be amended as provided in section 4.

4. All new general regulations and other legislation enacted by the Council shall be communicated in writing to the Secretary of the Faculty, and shall go into effect one month after the receipt of such communications, provided that in the interval the Council has not been informed in writing by the Secretary of the Faculty that such legislation has not yet received the approval of the Faculty.

5. All such judgments pronounced in regard to cases brought before the Council for decision shall be subject to an appeal to the Faculty on the part of the students concerned, and the decisions in all exceptionally important cases and those

involving serious penalties shall be reported to the Faculty for approval before being promulgated by the Council.

6. The Faculty shall appoint a small consultative committee which may be a means of informal communication between the Council and the Faculty, and which may be consulted from time to time by the Council as may be deemed expedient.

7. The representative members of the Council shall in each case be elected by a majority of all the men students in attendance belonging to the respective bodies which they represent.

8. It shall be in the power of the Faculty to withdraw the privileges and powers granted by this document, or of the Council formally to relinquish the same, thirty days' notice to be given in either case.

9. This agreement shall become valid on being approved by a majority of the men students in attendance during the session 1912 and 1913, and on receiving the signature of the President and the Secretary of the Faculty and of the Chairman and Secretary of the Victoria Student Council.





ACTA VICTORIANA BOARD, 1913-14

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The Skeleton of a Turkey

The skeleton of a turkey is a fit subject for a biologist. The same with considerable meat on it, stuffed full of dressing, brown and steaming hot on a big platter, is a very suitable Christmas object. So a scientific editor, by combining these two aspects of a turkey's skeleton, hopes to produce a scientific Christmas article.

First the skeleton will be described, but not minutely; then the Christmas turkey will be carried in, and carved, showing the relation between the skeleton and the latter process. If these proceedings could possibly prove distasteful to anyone, let that person read no further; our purpose is to show the every-day use made of the study of anatomy, though perhaps it is unconscious, in so common a process as the carving of a fowl.

Roughly, the skeleton is made of its main axis, the backbone or vertebral column, with the head at the anterior end; the ribs and sternum ventral and in the middle; the anterior limb girdle with its limb (the wing) attached to the front of the sternum; the posterior limb girdle with its limb (the leg) attached to the vertebral column behind the sternum.

The neck region of the vertebral column is long and mobile. There are fourteen cervical vertebrae or segments, on the first one of which rests the skull and the last two are unusual in that they have short ribs attached—since as a rule only the vertebrae of the thorax have ribs. The five vertebrae behind the neck are the thoracic, each having a true rib passing downward on each side. Such ribs are those which pass from vertebral column to breast bone, so where the ribs from the two sides converge ventrally we find the breast bone or sternum. The first three thoracic vertebrae are fused to form a single mass, the fourth is separate and mobile, the fifth is fused with about eleven vertebrae behind. These fused vertebrae, which we will not identify, form a solid bone, the sacrum, for the attachment of the posterior limb girdle. Behind it are about five small caudal or tail vertebrae. Thus we have a rigid back bone with one weak spot, the mobile fourth thoracic vertebra in the middle and with the neck in front and tail behind.

The breast bone, or sternum, is a very characteristic part of

the bird's skeleton. It is a broad plate of bone produced ventrally, in the sagittal frame, into a deep keel. The expansion is necessary for the attachment of the strong pectoral muscles used in flight. The five pairs of ribs extend upward from it to the vertebral column, and in front is attached the pectoral girdle.

The pectoral or shoulder girdle is made of two strong bones, the coracoids attached on either side of the anterior border of the sternum and extending upwards, forwards and outwards for about two inches, and at the upper end of each is attached a rather sword-shaped bone, the scapula, which extends upwards, backwards and inwards over the vertebral column, but not directly attached to it. In front of the coracoids is a "V" shaped bone, with the ends of the arms attached on the inner side at the junctions of the coracoids and scapulae, and with the apex extending downward nearly to the sternum. This bone constitutes the clavicles.

From the outer side of the junction between coracoid and scapula extends the fore-limb or wing. Next the body is a single strong bone, the humerus; then two more slender parallel bones, the radius and ulna; then several small bones, which bear at their ends the strong wing feathers. The pectoral muscle of flight is attached to the humerus.

The pelvic, or posterior girdle, is made chiefly of one flat bone, the ilium, attached by a fibrous union with the whole of the posterior group of twelve fused vertebrae. The other parts of the girdle, ischium and pubis are small.

The hind limb is attached about the middle of the ilium and consists of a short femur next the body, then a long tibio-tarsus or shin bone, then some smaller bones with the four toes at the end.

This finishes the short description of the skeleton. Proceeding now to the method of carving, we will notice that the different parts of the fowl are removed by disjointing—as it were, dislocating the joints.

The fowl on the platter is back downwards, breast bone upwards, with the wings and legs tucked closely in to the sides. The carving fork is placed firmly with one prong on each side of the sternum, about the middle, and the fowl turned so that the anterior end is to the carver's right. The first bones to be

removed are the wings. To do this the knife is put between the wing and the body and a cut is made sharply inwards. This divides the pectoral muscle, and then by cutting forwards and pressing gently outwards the shoulder joint between the humerus and pectoral girdle is reached and severed, thus separating the wing. Then the leg bones are removed by cutting backward between the leg and the body to the joint between the ilium and femur. This part when removed can be divided at the joint between femur and tibio-tarsus, the latter bone being the "drumstick." The breast is next sliced off from each side. Now comes the "merrythought," or wish bone, which is the clavicles. It will be remembered the point of the V formed by this bone came nearly to the front of the sternum. So it is removed by cutting downwards, towards the backbone, just in front of the breast bone, and pressing gently forwards. The joints between clavicles and the junctions of the coracoids and scapulae are thus reached and cut through, both sides at the same time. The coracoid and scapula are removed together by cutting backwards between the latter and the backbone until its end is free—it will be remembered the scapula was not directly attached to the vertebral column—and then by placing the knife under the coracoid from in front the joint between it and the sternum is broken. The fowl is now laid on its side and cut in two by breaking across all the ribs about their middle. Next the pelvic girdles are removed by cutting the tough fibrous union with the sacrum, leaving merely the backbone. This is cut in two at its only weak spot, namely, the mobile fourth thoracic vertebra.

Let's now adjourn. Dinner is served. Here's hoping that all will enjoy it.

J. S. R.

Missionary and Religious

From Victoria's Representative in China

CHUNGKING, SEPT. 27TH, 1913.

Dear Friends: It has just struck me as an altogether becoming thing to write you—especially as it is due to you that I have the pleasure of working in this land. My observation and reflection must be rather amateurish, as my achievements in language study do not as yet allow of any very intimate intercourse with the people. I can, however, ask a person's name, his age, and his destination—if en route. A few days ago I got farther afield, and pointing to a chicken I asked a small boy if it was his "wife." The bystanders appreciated my sociability and refrained, so far as I could see, from manifesting any evidence of mirth. So let this letter—as committees in Union Literary Society do at times—let it "report progress."

Mr. Parker, our senior missionary in Chungking, very kindly took Mr. Hibbard, another newcomer, and myself on a two weeks' tour. I could hold forth at length on the good times we had, but I shall report only the impressions that came to me as a serious-minded missionary. These came altogether through the eye-gate, as I understood little that I heard. If I could report it, my olfactory sense would add enough to stagger any ordinary health officer. In the first place they need railways in this country. We required five men each, four to carry us and one to carry our baggage. In taking a journey of any distance in this hot and mountainous country one must have a chair. We met hundreds of men whose life consists in toting land-lubbers from break of day till dark. In addition we met probably five hundred men each day carrying great loads of commodities of different sorts. I noticed skins, match-sticks, iron ore, and rock salt. We figured out that one good freight car would accom-

plish as much as eight thousand of these carriers. I have attacked our great railroad magnates for the last time. Three cents a mile is better than having to walk. The Chinese of this one province subscribed and paid nearly five million dollars gold for a railroad. They can show in return several railroad stations with good houses for the station masters, a few rods of indifferent tracks and some rusty car wheels. Would that a Hill or a Mackenzie—with some modifications—would arise in their midst! They could do something to transfer people's energies from meaningless trudging through the country to labour that requires intelligence.

Again, the Chinese need banks. Almost without exception, the people hide their money nowadays. This makes robbery a most interesting and profitable pursuit. A few days ago, one of our neighbours sold the family pig. That night a band of men came and appropriated the money and with it the family's clothing. At present banks are considered less safe than concealment and only years of honourable dealing can give them their rightful place.

One other need was painfully evident on our trip—that of a health department, which would disseminate a knowledge of hygiene. In every inn in which we stopped we literally had to kick a pig—healthy, it is true—a mangy dog and several all but defeathered chickens—these in the various possible combinations—from under our table. That we ate heartily withal is some small tribute to our appetites and general health. Unfortunately the Chinese are exposed too steadily to these baleful influences, and one sees all sorts of afflictions—many that make one shudder.

That there was no anti-foreign feeling was a cause for thankfulness. We were treated with respect almost everywhere. It is true one old gentleman held his nose as he passed us on the street. It was too well-timed, I fear, to have been accidental. We were conscious, however, of being amongst a friendly people. Moreover, many of them are attractive to a degree. One notices the children particularly. They are quite as bright and interesting as one sees anywhere. The pity of it is that they must grow up to know—to a great extent—drudgery, fear and distrust of the people about them. Unless we as Christians are

active, few of them are going to know anything of the glories of our faith.

We have been in the midst of war this last week. Prospects of peace are somewhat brighter just now, though the situation is still far from satisfactory. China has need of your prayers.

Let this letter express to all the students my kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

HOMER G. BROWN.



VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND, 1913

The Victoria College Student Volunteers on Tour

For years men have been attending our College, looking forward to a life of foreign service, and expecting to be sent when academic work was completed. But when the General Board of Missions met in October, 1912, the statement was scattered broadcast over the land that owing to scarcity of funds no missionaries could be sent to either China or Japan for a year. Despite this, both of those fields presented unparalleled opportunities, and their doors were never so truly wide open as at present. The overwhelming spirit of missionary enthusiasm existing in our College Band, which meets every Sunday morning in Alumni Hall at 9.45, reached its climax when it was

unanimously decided that the surplus energy of the college year and the entire summer months following should be devoted to bringing the actual facts before our Methodist people.

During the spring term members of our Band visited churches in Toronto, and in some of the neighboring important centres, as Hamilton, St. Catharines, Stratford, Galt, Oshawa and Brantford. Altogether 177 missionary addresses and lectures were delivered, and considerable interest was aroused in the several missionary activities of the local churches.

For the summer months an itinerary was planned throughout the four central Ontario Conferences. The ten men shown here volunteered their services for such an itinerary, and were accepted by the missionary authorities. The method of work was to hold Missionary Institutes, give illustrated lectures, organize mission study classes, and appeal for more definite consecration of life and possessions.

Work was commenced in the Toronto Conference on May 1st, and was carried on throughout twenty districts, extending from Belleville to Windsor. The total distance travelled by members of the Band exceeded 21,000 miles. The number of addresses given practically reached the one thousand mark.

The campaign has been completed. Seven of the ten men have returned to college, and one has gone to China. Not the least among the results of the summer's tour are the broader visions, larger sympathies and increased determination and enthusiasm on the part of those with whom the Band worked, as well as among the members of the Band themselves.

But more distant and, if possible, more encouraging, is the placing before the entire church of "the world situation" in regard to the missionary problem. "Knowledge is power," and surely the bringing of such information before the responsive youth of Methodism will result in not only more missionaries, but a more permanent, practical, prayerful, potent support by the entire church.

This band going out from our college halls has proved to the church that Victoria's ideals of life and service are still true to her traditions. Is it too much to hope that this band has only blazed the trail, along which in coming years succeeding bands will travel forth to even more effective work along similar lines?



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EDITORIAL

"Le lourd battant de fer bondit dans l'air sonore,
Et le bronze en rumeur ébraule ses essieux . . .
Volez, cloches! grondez, clamez, tonnez encore!
Chantez paix sur la terre et gloire dans les cieux!"

In these words the poet of French Canada voices the ever-potent Christmas message, the message of the Christmas bells throughout the centuries, the message of the angelic host on that first and most glorious Christmas night. It is a message of double import, of thanks to God for the greatest of all gifts, and of brotherly love to humanity the world over.

At this Yuletide we may well pause for a moment to consider the real significance of this Christmas message and the extent to which its spirit is influencing men's thoughts and actions to-day. Over our own family circles it reigns supreme at family reunions and at all the time-honored rites of the cult of Santa Claus. Nor is our goodwill altogether selfish. Our churches, societies and charitable organizations are doing much to make Christmas a day of joy for the poor and unfortunate, and with more help in money and personal services they could

do very much more. The whole question of social amelioration is receiving ever-increasing attention, and we are realizing more than ever before that there is a minimum of comfort and happiness below which it is the duty of society to see that none of its members fall. In international relations progress toward the realization of the brotherhood of man is slow, but unmistakable. Except among the most inveterately turbulent of the nations, arbitration is rapidly becoming the rule and war the exception; so that it is no vain optimism to see in the near future a time when the revenues of our state, the strength of our young men, and the wisdom of the old, will be devoted to defence, not against possible external enemies, but against real internal enemies, the evils of the body politic and of our social and economic order.

Such is the message of Christmas, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

The Late Dr. John Burwash

Few of the students now in attendance at Victoria ever knew Dr. John Burwash, Professor Emeritus in Homiletics and English Bible, whose many years of active, faithful service at Victoria terminated in 1910, and who now has passed within the vale. There appears in this issue the loving tribute of Dean Wallace, who knew him well. The students will read with sympathy and with gratitude this eulogy of one of Victoria's "Old Guard," who gave her of his best in those earlier days.

The University Organ Recitals

Sometimes in the hurry of our college life, in the rush to lectures, the pressure of school work, the pursuit of athletics, the social round, we well-nigh forget that we have a finer, deeper nature, that somewhere within us is a soul. We are become like highly perfected mechanisms going always at full tension. We haven't time in the hurry of our living to stop to realize that we

live. We think too much of life's events; too little of life's significance. Perhaps this is true of your own experience.

'Twere well, then, for you to remember that twice in the month, in the twilight time, you may go to Convocation Hall for an hour with music. You may sit quietly and listen—listening until you hear—as the great organ, touched by master hands, yields up for you its harmonies. As you listen, the events of your life, of your daily round, will assume their proper perspective, and you will know which are the greater and which the lesser things.

Perhaps in your college sphere you have attempted overmuch. Your undertakings and your responsibilities weigh upon you until, at times, all your energy and your confidence in yourself seem gone. But, listening, giving yourself over wholly to the magic power of the music, you will regain your poise and go out believing once more that you can and will.

Need we remind you that the day will come when the musical privileges enjoyed at University will in all probability not exist for you? Why not use them to the full while you may?



From the "Grad" in College

Dear Mr. Editor:

I once heard the following remarkable statement from an aged "grad.": "If for four years you enjoy unmitigated bliss—the bliss accentuating with the years—then be sure four years of woe are somewhere shuffled among the pack of the indifferent years of your life-time."

When I went out from what had been to me an Elysium, I expected some such experience, but I was not prepared for just what was in store for me, though I had strong premonitions.

For four years I had been swallowed up in paradise. There had been no more work, no more sorrow, no more care. All sadness and sighing had fled away; and truly joy had been in my heart, if praise had not been upon my lips. Indeed, I had no longer felt a longing for those sunlit isles, set like diamonds in an emerald sea, where the sun is ever shining and where flowers bound the view; where there are lilac trees and daffodils, marigolds and quincees and orange-trees in blossom, and where beautiful black-eyed maidens serve nectar in golden bowls.

I left this paradise and became a pilgrim of the world, and have wandered for many months in waste and desert places. But visions of the past still haunt me, and on one occasion the vision was almost equal to the reality.

I feel bound to give some account of this remarkable circumstance.

One evening about sun-down I saw two men approaching from opposite directions, riding upon asses.

As they approached I read upon a large package suspended from one side of the first ass's back: "U. L. S. Cabinet." Balancing this on the other side was a larger bundle, labelled "U. L. S. Constitution."

Upon the other ass I read, beginning at his head on the one side and continuing around to it on the other, "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition."

I appealed to the riders of these beasts of burden for information concerning the way.

Whereupon, the first rider, who was, I conjectured, the

Leader of the Government, thus addressed me: "Ah, ah, lost, Old Sport, eh?"

But the Leader of the Opposition was in a more serious mood. Digging his hands deep in his pockets, and knitting his brows, he began:

"Do you see yonder mountain cleaving the clouds with its haughty head? That is the Mount of Tradition, and the circuitous road you see winding up to its summit is the road to good government, leading out on to the broad plateau of political power.

"There are two other roads, one extending around either side of the mountain. It is true both roads, of which I propose to take one, and my friend here the other, end some hundreds of feet below the plateau of political power.

"However, a huge derrick, known as general elections, has been erected to swing us on to the plateau. The boom of the derrick is made of human absurdity. The cable consists of one promise after another to the electorate, and the dynamo is operated by a power known as general delusion.

"Now, it is only possible for one of us to ascend, and that must be the one who generates the greatest amount of delusion."

Just then a vulture, of which there were many hovering overhead, dropped a bone close to my feet. I enquired of the travellers if loss of life was common in the desert.

I was told by the second rider that it was not common. He proceeded to say that this particular bone was the right-hind femur of the Radical ass that died in trying to carry its load of reform up the Mount of Tradition.

His voice shook as he described the herculean task and its fatal issue. He had little sympathy, however, for the obstinate rider. For, said he, "any fool should have had better sense than to have put on such a load."

The remark led me to take a survey of the two beasts of burden.

I was struck with the contrast between the oily flanks of the one and the bony sides of the other, and could not forbear a remark on the subject.

Thereupon the Leader of the Opposition pulled out his hands from his pockets and smote his beast upon the ribs with such vigorous emphasis that the Mount of Tradition re-echoed the rattle.

"That ass yonder has been feeding for three terms upon the oats of patronage, and drinking of the sweet waters of popular favor."

To which remark the Leader of the Government tartly replied: "And the sin of it is, the other poor ass has been compelled to watch him enjoy it."

Just then an uproar sounded in the distance and scared away the vultures. The two riders proceeded on their way toward the Mount of Tradition, from the vicinity of which could be heard the noise of the dynamo of delusion, and the rattle of the cable of promises, leaving me again alone in the

VALE.

Alumnus.



Personals ^{and} Exchanges

Exchanges

The November number of *The Trinity University Review* contains a discussion of direct interest to us, as students of the University, under the title, "Canadian Literature in the University of Toronto." It is a contribution to the mass of criticisms of the courses of study which the University provides, but, unlike most of these, is of interest and appeals to a large majority of the students. The article is a plea for the introduction into the curriculum of a course in a critical study of contemporaneous Canadian literature. The writer bases his plea on the argument that the Arts course is at present turning out a large number of incompetents, so far as practical life is concerned, that, in the English courses particularly, the purpose is to make the student appreciative instead of creative, to develop taste rather than power, that the object of the English courses should be to produce authors of merit rather than readers of discrimination, and that an effective means to this end would be a study of Canadian literature from a critical standpoint. This literature, he claims, would provide a suitable subject for the application of tenets of criticism, and a subject, moreover, which is in harmony with Canadian ideals, and which presents Canadian problems and Canadian thought. The result would be the development of creative capacity among our graduates, a power developed along the lines of modern and national habits of mind; Canadian literature itself would be improved, and the University would be justifying the assistance which the state grants it by some adequate return.

The purpose of this article must, it seems, appeal with some force to many of the students. University students, as well as the rest of the nation, do read Canadian literature. But often, it is to be feared, they cast aside the models of the literary masters, they approach the fiction of the magazines in no critical attitude, merely with the desire to be interested. And as a

result their taste suffers and literature suffers. Some definite attention to the subject of current literature would surely do something to direct our taste as well as our reading in that regard, and by the creation of a mass of critical readers appreciably raise the standard of our literature.

Again, that a department in which the courses are primarily literary, which provides practically the only opportunity for a definite and concentrated study of literature, should at the same time attempt in some distinct way to provide the leaders in this realm seems unquestionable. In other activities the means adopted are definite, we teach our doctors and our ministers the practice as well as the principles of their profession, but, though doubtless many of our writers are University products, the method is decidedly haphazard, there is no attempt to develop authors and poets with the same practical preparation as the graduate in engineering. When the University sees fit to establish a department in literary practice we should surely hope to see an increase in the number and ability of our Canadian writers, writers, moreover, who have a wide knowledge in general literature, a power of discrimination of the real from the unreal, the permanent from the fleeting in literary products, and as well a grasp of the achievements of our own writers, and understanding of the specific determinants of our literature, and a keen sympathy with Canadian life and a comprehension of our national problems.

On the other hand, the premise of the writer that would make all courses predominantly vocational and practical cannot pass unchallenged. Perhaps, after all, the purpose of an Arts course is to create the power of enjoying life rather than living. And the tendency to make our courses practical has proceeded far enough. Thus his desire that the courses in English, which are most obviously cultural, should fall too under the sway of modern commercialism cannot be too strongly opposed. Yet this disagreement will not necessarily result in a denial of his plea for the addition of Canadian literature, even if purely as a cultural subject, nor on the other hand of a new course, if necessary, or an optional branch of the present course, more definitely practical in its motives, and having in view the development of writers as well as readers.

There appears in a recent issue of the *Harvard Monthly* a very enlightening account of a movement of deep significance in modern sociological thought and industrial life, that doctrine, usually numbered among the varieties, even vagaries, of socialism, known as syndicalism, a theory which finds its active champion in that organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World. Often we notice in the press vague, somewhat disturbing, reports of the activities of this body, more particularly in our Western provinces, but very probably we have possessed no very clear notion of the doctrine which it endeavours to represent, the theory which lies behind its troublesomeness. This doctrine the writer of the article presents to us in a very suggestive manner. The wildness of the movement is described, its origin as an organization, the significant principles upon which it is founded; essentially the principles of anarchism, so far as its theories are an explanation of its method; the principle of the total abolition of the wage system so far as they relate to its ideal. Again, he enters into a description of the tentative methods employed—strikes, crime and sabotage—the “silent strike” by which the employee remains at his work and at the same time by all manner of criminal expedients attempts to compel his employer to accede to his demands. Moreover, the movement is related to trades-unionism on the one hand, seeking to achieve justice between employer and employed rather than the abolition of the relation, and to socialism on the other, involving the most extreme centralization as opposed to the individualism which syndicalism advocates. The writer concludes with an attempt to value the movement in relation to general social development and to prophesy its probable future connection with those two movements with which it has been so closely associated.

The following exchanges have been received: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Gateway*, *Queen's Journal*, *The Mitre*, *Brandon College Quill*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *O.A.C. Review*, *The Student*, *University of Ollava Review*, *The Oxford Magazine*, *Argosy*, *Trinity University Review* and also the *Trinity University Year Book*.



Rugby

The deciding game of our group was played on the front campus with Dental College on Nov. 12th. At three-quarter time the score was 18-4; but, owing to darkness, Dents ran up their score to 17, the final score of the game being 18-17 in favor of Victoria. The fast following up of Blatz and his wonderful tackling, together with the all-round work of the back division, featured the game. A strong wind was blowing across the campus, which made fumbles frequent. This victory meant the winning of our section, and we were then qualified to go into the semi-finals.

The line-up: Murray, Watson, Hnyeke, Cheney, Zimmerman, Beatty, Griffith, Lumsden, Harris, Horning, Brett, Horner, Bowles, Blatz.

On Thursday, November 20th, Victoria had the misfortune to be drawn against Senior Meds in the semi-finals. It was generally conceded that the winner of this event would win the Mulock Cup. The game was played at Varsity Stadium before a large crowd of respective supporters, who kept urging on the players with frequent yells. As Meds had on their line-up three former Victoria students, one of whom was penalized for rough conduct, and also two former players on the Varsity senior team, a good game was assured. It was perfect football weather; the teams were in the pink of condition, and each went on the field prepared to do or die. Victoria won the toss, and kicked off with the wind. In the first quarter neither team scored. But with the wind behind them in the second quarter, Meds got two rones, making the half-time score 2-0. With the wind behind us in the third quarter it was expected that we would be able to at least tie the score, but the irony of fate was against us and the quarter closed 3-0 in favor of our opponents. In the last quarter "Vic" made a final desperate attempt and with a series of bucks brought the ball to Meds' 8-yard line. It

was just then, in an end run, that Brown of Victoria, who, up to this time, had been playing probably the best game on the field, was tackled hard and seriously injured. After he had been carried off the team seemed to be perceptibly weakened, for, although in front of the "Meds" goal, they missed two rather easy drop kicks and lost the ball after failing to gain yards. "Meds" now repeatedly bucked down the field and in a scrimmage near "Vic's" goal another serious accident occurred. Blatz was kicked on the head and rendered unconscious and was carried off the field. "Meds" now gained another point and the game closed with the score 4-0 in favor of "Meds."

It was by far the best game played by Victoria this year. Captain Watson played a stellar game and managed the team well, but his kicking was not up to his usual form. Blatz, our centre scrimmage man, though a diminutive player, has displayed this year the best tackling seen around "Vic" for many a day.

Line up: Flying wing, Brown; centre half, Watson; right half, Cheney; left half, Huycke; quarter, Bowles; wings, (outside), Zimmerman, Beatty, (middle) Griffith, Lumsden, (inside) Harris, Horning; scrimmage, Blatz, Horner, Murray.

Through the energy of Manager Colin Simpson, a second team was formed. Only one game was played, when they were unfortunately beaten by Harbord Collegiate.

On the night of the Freshmen Reception, Mr. C. V. Massey and Mr. Hodder Williams gave a banquet to the senior team in Burwash Hall. After the inner man had been fully satisfied all gathered around the grate fire, where an impromptu programme was provided by Messrs. Massey, Williams, Smith, Coventry and Dale. The entertainment was brought to a close by a vote of thanks being tendered to Mr. Massey and Mr. Williams.

We are pleased to announce that Bill Blatz is now out of the hospital and is at his home in Hamilton. Harold Brown, however, has been compelled to remain in the hospital, although he expects to be out in a short time. We also extend our condolences to "Duke" Pearson, one of the most valuable members of the team, who was accidentally hurt in a practice game against the seconds; and as a result has been out of the game most of the season. "Duke" has been limping around the

College ever since and has become the proverbial "man with the cane."

It is fortunate, yet extraordinary, that every man on this year's Rugby team will be back next year. Next season the Mulock Cup surely ought to be ours.

Water-Polo

On Friday, Nov. 7th, Victoria played the first game of the series with Arts and succeeded in winning by the score of 4-1. Being the opening game the players were not in the best of condition. The game, however, was fast and clean throughout. The scoring of Duggan was a feature.

Again on Friday, Nov. 14th, we met School. But the fortunes of war were against us and we lost by the score of 5-3. Brewster and Simpson on the defence each played a stellar game.

With the teams all tied up in the series, Victoria again on Friday, Nov. 28th, met Arts. The first quarter ended 2-1 in favor of Vic. and at half-time it was 2-2. The teams now went in for all they were worth. Unfortunately, however, Brewster was ruled off for half a minute and in the interval Arts scored a goal. Again they repeated and the third-quarter score ended 4-2. In the last quarter we gained another, but were unable to tie the score, Arts thus winning by a score of 4-3. The best man for "Vic" was H. S. Brewster, who is, in fact, the best man on the team. Willows has throughout the season been closely watched and so has been unable to shine as in the past. Colin Simpson and Crowe, the two new men on the team this year, have developed splendidly and are valuable members. Manager Duggan played, as usual, a stellar game. There is still a chance that the series may be tied again.

The line-up: Goal, R. R. Fleming (capt.); defence, H. S. Brewster, Colin Simpson; centre, Crowe; forwards, Willows, C. R. Duggan.

Tennis

In spite of some bad weather the courts remained good enough to enable the Tournament to be brought to a close. Mr. Courtice repeated his last year's performance in winning the Men's Open Singles. He is without doubt one of the best players in the University. His playing is always featured by brilliant work, and he can always be depended upon to play the same consistent game. Working against tremendous odds, he also won the Men's Handicap Singles. The mixed doubles was won by Mr. Geo. Brown and Miss Kenny, Mr. Courtice again, with his partner, figuring as the contending party.

The Tournament has proved a distinct success, and has been the means of developing a keen interest in this sport around the College. In view of the exceptionally good playing displayed, a suggestion, which should be taken up next year, has been made that a contest be arranged between Victoria and University College. If such a tournament could be arranged between teams of each College, there is no doubt but that Victoria would hold her own.

RESULTS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Men's Open Singles—A. R. Courtice defeated H. D. Brown. Score: 6-2, 6-4.

Handicap Singles—A. R. Courtice (scratch) defeated Mr. Adams ($-\frac{1}{2}$ 30, $-\frac{1}{2}$ 40). Score: 3-6, 8-6, 6-3.

Mixed Doubles—Mr. Geo. Brown and Miss Kenny defeated Mr. A. R. Courtice and Miss Dobson. Score: 6-4, 6-2.

Men's Open Doubles—Mr. H. Bennett and Mr. Geo. Brown defeated Mr. A. P. McKenzie and Mr. N. V. Buchanan.

The Championship of the College was defended successfully by Mr. A. P. McKenzie against Mr. A. R. Courtice. This is the third successive year Mr. McKenzie has been College Tennis Champion. He has no superior in tennis at Victoria, and has certainly a record to be proud of. Score: 6-3, 6-4, 6-8, 6-2.

Rink

Manager Brown takes pleasure in announcing that during the coming season a band will play at the rink on Tuesday and Friday nights and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The band on Wednesday afternoon will be an entirely new feature.

As we have a heavy liability of between \$8,000 and \$9,000 toward current expenses, interest, etc., it is surely the duty of every "Vic" student to make this year the biggest in the history of the Victoria College Rink.

Soccer

The Soccer Team was drawn into the same series as the City Teachers, who unfortunately defaulted, thereby leaving us winners of the group. This allowed the team to enter the Semi-finals, and on Friday, November 14th, they met Veterinary College on the back Campus. The game resulted in a scoreless tie. The players played well, but shot badly at times, thus nullifying the slight advantage which they seemed to have in the play.

Line-up: Goal, Brown; backs, Smith, White; halves, Merritt, Humphreys, Greer; forwards, Annsley, Richardson, Huether, McCamus, Sanderson.

Again on the following Tuesday, with the same line-up, except that Sanderson, who being injured in the previous game, was now replaced by M. Smith, we played Veterinary College to decide the above tie, and won by the score of 1-0. Annsley on the forward line played exceptionally well, and was well backed up by the remainder of the team. This made us eligible for the finals.

Victoria Soccerites, therefore, on Saturday morning, Nov. 29th, "locked arms" with Knox in the crucial struggle for the Championship in the Intermediate Soccer Series. Both teams were very evenly matched, as the score would indicate. Humphreys, our centre half, was specially effective. The game resulted in a tie, which will be played off shortly.

Line-up: Goal, Brown; backs, White, Smith; halves, Greer, Humphreys, Merritt; forwards, Annsley, Richardson, Smith, McCamus, Sanderson.

The Soccer season has so far been very successful. The erection of the boards for the rink has, however, prevented use of the Campus on some exceedingly fine days when good workouts might have been had in preparation for the finals. This has been unavoidable.

Handball

The annual Handball Tournament with St. Michael's has proven extremely disastrous to the reputation won by Victoria "handball artists" in the past. Two "Vic" teams were entered and four games played, all of which were won by St. Michael's. This has not been a banner year for the sport in the College, and few players seemed to have taken any marked interest in the game, the consequence of which has been disaster.

Games of A Team—Victoria defeated at St. Michael's. Score: 21-14. St. Michael's won at Victoria. Score: 21-15. Line-up: Richardson, Horner, Clarke, Brown.

Games of B Team—St. Michael's won at Victoria. Score: 21-12. Victoria defeated at St. Michael's. Score: 21-14. Line-up: Burt, G. W. Brown, G. L. Rodd, Frost.

The championship was thus gained by St. Michael's, and we lost the Cup which was so gloriously won last year. If interest can be aroused, there should be enough talent in the College to bring it back next season.

Girls' Athletics

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was played off early in November, when St. Hilda's won the greatest number of points. St. Hilda's University College Faculty and Victoria were each represented by a team, our girls being: Marjorie Flanders '14 (captain), Edith Henderson '13, Helen Kerby '16, Marguerite Smart '16, Vera Kenny '15, Anna Ochs '16, and Alice Hamill '17. Miss Kenny and Miss Ochs each won a game in the singles, and Miss Smart and Miss Kenny won the first game in the doubles, making in all three points for "Vic." The games were all very close and "Vic" showed great improvement since last year, when there was only one point to her credit.

The first paper chase of the season was given by St. Hilda's on the afternoon of October 18. Owing to a misunderstanding we did not receive notice of it, consequently our college was not represented.

On the afternoon of November 1, the "Vic" girls gave a paper-chase for St. Hilda's and Varsity. The starting point was the corner of St. Clair and Avenue road, and from there they ran north and west, finally ending at Moore Park Bridge. Miss Bishop of "Vic" came in first, and two others of our college had good positions among the first twelve. Tea was afterwards served at Annesley Hall, where the girls sang college songs and gave their yells.

The Queen's Hall girls were the hostesses at the last paper-chase of the season, which was held Saturday, November 22. The starting point was the second Rosedale bridge. The girls returned afterwards to Queen's Hall for refreshments and songs.

"Vic" played her first basketball game of the season in the Lillian Massey Gym, the evening of November 15, when she was defeated by St. Hilda's. The game was close, and "Vic" was in the lead at half time, but the final score was 18-13. Those of our team were: Miss Kenny and Miss Tuck, forwards; Miss Edwards, Miss Flanders and Miss Thompson, centres; Miss Luke and Miss Reid, defence.

"Vic" defeated University College at basketball in the same gym the night of November 24, when the score was 15-11. The game was fast, Miss Flanders and Miss Kenny doing excellent work on the forward line, while Miss Reid and Miss Luke guarded the "Vic" basket well. That was the first basketball game "Vic" has won since 1908, but the present team gives promise of its not being their last victory this season.



Miss McDonald, 1T4 (on the way home from open Lit.)—Isn't their Lit. splendid? Everything is so business-like and sensible.

Miss Clark (Pres. of W.L.S.)—Yes, it is; and *say, kids*, we've got to be more dignified and serious at our own after this, too.

Gl-ver, '17 (examining pictures in Alumni Hall)—Did Dr. DeWitt really graduate in 1912?

Miss McIntosh, 1T6 (seeing Freshman in the coffins)—This is one time a box seat isn't desirable.

Miss Going, 1T4 (doing a Latin exercise)—How do you say Lord Churchill?

Miss Jones, 1T4—Dux église colline.

Prof. H-ke (at Freshman reception)—Listen, I am going to take you into my confidence. I am not sure whether I like Professor Michael.

Dr. DeWitt—Mount Vesuvius is a crack in the terrestrial pie from which the juice oozes out.

(Later) In the Roman Senate, at time of voting, the ayes all went to one side and the noes to the other.

Here is an echo from a C. T. Class-meeting:

P-gsley, C.T.—I move that a committee be appointed.

Wh-ley, C.T.—I move an amendment.

President—All in favor of the amendment—

P-gsley—Mr. President, what is the amendment?

Wh-ley—It is an amendment to the motion.

P-gsley—But you must state your amendment.

Wh-ley—Well, if you are so dense that you can't understand that the amendment is an amendment to the original motion, well—you're hopeless!

Mr. Ruston (Speaker of the House, at meeting of open Lit.)
—Are there any more errors? If not I declare them approved.

First Student—There should be a bowling alley at Burwash Hall.

Second Student—No, that's against the rules of the Church.

First Student—Why, Chancellor Bowles!

That box of soap-candy, which the Soph. ladies passed around to their men at the beginning of a certain English lecture, may have been a very good joke on the boys, but we do declare 'twas hardly fair to offer the seductive sweet to Professor Auger. Shame on you, Sophettes!

Dr. Bell—If you wish to say, "I don't want any," you say, "danke schön."

Miss Flanders, 1T4—But I never want to say that.

Miss Arner, 1T7—It's time some of the boys of Burwash Hall were sending their cushions to the receptions. Are they afraid of getting them soiled?

Miss Almas, 1T5—No, they're afraid the girls might recognize them.

Goody-r, V.A. (criticising debate at Lit.)—The next speaker Mr. Chisholm, gave us some new ideas on the way to hold hands.

Court-ce, '15 (getting excited in Mixed Doubles)—Come on now. Dobby—shoot 'em over!

NOTICE.—Gentlemen dining at Burwash Hall are hereby informed that a second portion of butter will be served to anyone who is willing, in return therefor, to forfeit his dessert. For particulars regarding other options, apply to the Steward.

Belfry, '15—Say, Roy, do you belong to any clubs down at the Beach?

C-rice, '15—Sure thing! I belong to the Seldom-ins, and the Never-outs; then there's the Beach-nuts—I'm president of that one.

Dr. Wallace—Yes, gentlemen, even the devil can quote Scripture to his purpose.—let me illustrate this to you.

On the evening of November 21st, the girls of Onety-Five entertained the men of their class at Amesley Hall. The guests were received in the Assembly Room, where each gentleman was handed a slip bearing the name of some popular tune and was then left to whistle for a partner. After all had been happily accommodated, the party adjourned to the gymnasium, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, and here a great deal of fun was provided by the novelty of the games which the ingenuity of the Programme Committee had devised. Particularly entertaining was the competition in writing modern adaptations of old nursery rhymes. The poetic muse was kindest to Miss Gallinger and Mr. White, who won the first prize with the following lines:

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I am going, sir, to the Suffrage parade.”

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”

I am sure I would make a good ‘lady’s aid.’ ”

In this contest Professor Auger dealt a cruel blow to the company by shattering forever their simple faith in the altruistic motives of Jack and Jill, for he solemnly affirmed that the real reason this sly youth and maiden went up the hill was “to get a drink of whiskey.” Professor Auger, however, was disqualified from winning any of the prizes, as the judges ruled that he was a professional.

The announcement that supper would now be served above brought a happy smile to every male countenance, but the hopes of even the most sanguine epicure present were far more than realized in the dainty repast which the ladies provided. Shortly after eleven o’clock the guests departed, convinced to a man that the Onety-Five girls are the very best yet.

Freshman—Who is that wild-looking man up at the Faculty table? Is he the famous Russian we’ve been hearing about?

C. B. Adams, ’16—Gracious, no! That’s Professor Langford.

Excerpt from *Mail and Empire* report of Queen's-Varsity

"The Varsity Debaters, for the negative side, were *merely* Smith and Lloyd Smith."

H-mma, '17 (at Home Lunch)—Is this milk sweet?

Miss Home—Certainly it's milk! What did you think it was?

Sm-the, '14 (at Freshman reception)—My prom., I believe.

Freshette (scrutinizing C. W. suspiciously, and turning to her companion)—Ethel, dear, is this Mr. Sm-the?

Prof. Ang-r (criticizing the lack of stern experience in Pope's life)—Ah, you see he was never really fitted for life—never "Bobbed," in fact.

S-ndy (smoking a long, black cigar)—Gee, boys, my second cigar! How do I look? (Bravely) I'll smoke it up to the band. (Slyly slips band down an inch.)

The Debate between the third and fourth years took place at the Woman's Literary Society on Thursday, November the twentieth. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved, that the large departmental store is detrimental to the general interest of the country." The affirmative was taken by Miss Guest and Miss Kenny, of the third year; the negative by Miss Jones and Miss Wigle, of the fourth year. The judges, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Dales, and Mr. Massey, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

Ambiguous

He stole a kiss;
 Demure young miss
 Quite angry grew.
 "'Twas only one," he pled.
 She coyly turned her head.
 "As great will be
 The penalty
 For one as two."
 She said.

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OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1913.

DECEMBER

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December).
Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December).
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment. (On or before 1st December).
8. Model School Final Examination begins.
9. Returning officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
12. Model Schools close. [Model School Syllabus.]
13. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th Dec.).
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December).
Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December).
19. Normal Schools (first term) close. [Normal School syllabus].
22. High Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December).
25. Christmas Day (Thursday).
New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December).
31. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December).
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. (On or before 31st December).
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months. (On or before 31st December).
Auditors' Report of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. (At end of year).
Financial statement, report of attendance, etc., from Teachers' Institutes. (Not later than 31st December).
Report on Inspectoral visits from Separate, County, and District Inspectors, due. (Not later than December 31st).

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